

Adorned Brood, For Honour And Land

So I once rode
with sword and shield
the path of my fate
destiny

upwards the rock of eternity
with a countenance
stiff from pain
the summit seems far

yet is it
no severe ride

The weaker I get, the louder my end's
shouts grow
The brave nag trotting
leads me
of this life, but
where then to?
The blood we let, makes our path
divine